

Ruby and Oswald ask and Marie and Linc are reporters Y0u people think

parody of corporate takeover!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

1 corp take only concessions and so Linc is wk for other corp and is
prob already fired by corp a--sicne he has shown disloyalty
some phantom corp--order to sell hotdogs came in letter--
initiative in ok corral--they saw need
DON'T DO THAT AGAIN

TITLE LINCOLN SHOULDN'T SELL HOTDOGS or

Sometimes But Not Always

Lincoln

Marie Antoinette

Jack Ruby

Lee Oswald

An historical theme park of little pretension

M: Lincoln shouldn't sell hotdogs.

J: Well he's sellin em. We have to stand for something.

M: We didn't have to before. Under Max.

J: We did. Just didn't have to make a big deal out of it.
Just by being ourselves we stood for something

. You could scope out boss's motivation Max (admiring) was a such a slob.

M: He lost killer instinct thus lost business and then he lost me.

J: These new managers don't get the art of the operation

M: Money is the art of today. They understand that.

J: Never trusted Linc he aint got pride you need some fuckin pride in
yourself!

I think half the reason Max gave up was

he was hurt by us and by everything. It knocked him too far down!

Marie: Hey! How much could you give back? First the hospitalization and

then the dental and then the percentage cuts in salary. Do you think he stopped going to the track? Do you think they ever stopped going to the track, huh? And playing golf at Doral? Just an old fool believe me. I had to cut him off. Must've discovered ovaltine or something; besides, if you don't know what you want sex won't help either. Hey I was working too hard for what I got from him, believe me!

Jack: you have way of making men lose their heads.

Lee. (entering) She lost her own.

Marie: Daily I do here, this cut-rate Disneyworld.

J: HISTORAMA! A division of Allied Entertainment, itself under the monster umbrella of Universe Nut and Seed.

Oswald: well Marie Antoinette, I'll tell you something. Cut the new guys in. Might soften em up.

J: You lost credibility. Going around shooting fuckin presidents.

Lee: Uh uh. Today we really lost credibility, Abe Lincoln and I. At the OK corral.

Wyatt Earp was fired this morning for dressing in Marie's clothes.

M: mud on my best gown wqould you believe?.

Lee: and so Lincoln got to be Wyatt Earp--no time for change of clothes,

M; Who were you?

Lee: I just went in and fuckin fired away!

J: Y0u're kidding.

Lee: nope. Then Lincoln had to hump ass to the hot dog stand to let the kid go

to football practice.

Ln: (entering) keep my metabolism up!

J: You're too good a sport

L: Hey it's little kids and strung out parents. The gunfight at the OK's mostly dust, dogshit, and dirt, then as now. You can't make out much of anything going on.

Marie: they never bring out the dogshit in history.

R: the horseshit comes through all right.

Lee: Yours does.

R: I repeat: YOU LOST CREDIBILITY. Going around shooting fuckin presidents

Lee: That's pretend. History.

think of some slimebucket popping a buttercream into his whore's mouth, by some pool that'd blind your fuckin eyes out!

L: I can't accept that. I must be Lincoln. Be!

J: Sure. Make mine well done. I know what they put in those hotdogs.

L: Y0u're a hotdog.

j: That was the idea. That's the idea.

Marie: Was? Is? When?

Lee; Everything is always. Everybody fuckin knows that.

Marie: like we're pretend to be hist char

Lee: that's just the half of iit.

J: Hey! History is bunk anyways.

Lee; History's just a bad blow job, excuse my French.

sometimes but not always like everyone's pretending

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2 weave in recent trouble

press conf where the where the reporters at desk are interviewed/

W Post and ELECTROSLEAZE TV read signs in fornt of them..

Lee and Jack, in audience,

jump up when asking question or

commenting though they screw up this routine at times, wrong guy pops up.

W: We will answer no questions at this press conferencee.

When called upon please restrict yourself to silence.

J: Do you know they're trying to conglomerate us down to the minimum wage?

E: Keep your pants...up.

J: You blew Nixon out of the water, right?

W: He (shrugs) selfdestructed

L: (waving it) Grammar school report card Saint Monicas!

W: Makes you a card carrying--!

L: Deportment F, Mr Smart Ass Washington Post! F!

And religion, pass.

J Just pass?

W: It was pass-fail.

E: I can answer that question!

L What question?

E: Any one not asked. Questions are too haywire for me. Time constraints.

J; U h uh, you just don't wanna answer them cause you're

all for the queers and the Republicans!

E: Is that your question?

L: On the fence, one ball on one side and the other on the other Mmr

Washington Post!

W: Untruths!

L: You wouldn't endorse the Yalie or the Duke. Neither one.

W: The dirty campaign! Without issue.

L: They used a rubber.

J: Fuck! Everybody does the same thing. Why are they any better?

L: Why didn't you report that I tried getting fair pay for Cuba?

Your priorities are all screwed up is why. You put shoting JFK on top

and fuck everything else, am I right?

J: Of course you're right.

L Did I ever know you?

J: For us to know and them to find out.

L: You're a decent guy. You meet so many seedy fourflushers.

J: I'm (sobs) sorry I shot you.

L: Easy come--

J: I want this man's story out to the public!

E: Get a sponsor and it's done!

J: And I don't believe a word of that Deep Throat shit.

W: I can't reveal my sorcerrs.

L: Why not? It's all pornography anyways.

J: Just why the fuck you think you are anybody, Washington Post?

W: We are the fourth estate!

L: All the rich they got their estates.

E: (giggles)

J: In your opini